

THE STORY OF CARE

Care lives in a world that is fast.

With a cost-minimising boss biting at her heels, Care rushes wherever she goes. She wakes up in the early morning darkness to rush from one bedside to the next, one family's child to another, around a delivery route, back to this kitchen sink and this fruit picking ground. Care works hard. Her arms and legs ache and her fingers are bleached.

On her morning bus journey Care sometimes passes larger than life billboards of Self-Care, its Care's older cousin - looking glamorous and fit, healthy and well, strong and empowered in a matching yoga outfit in a chrome kitchen staring back at her. Care and her older cousin have stopped talking to each other. Funny to think they are part of the same family but are leading such different lives.

Care daydreams on this bus. It's her only pause and time to reflect. It's a world where often pouring your heart and love into something other than your own life is considered naive, immature, silly, non-sense. Care often feels invisible, or blocked, as if surrounded with walls of glass - unable to reach out. Even obsolete.

The bus stops, and Care walks down a path into the woods to her first job. But what awaits her is not a 3-storey home waiting to be cleaned, but a blaze on the second floor; an incredible fire that is licking its lips, and consuming her bosses' home. The heat from the flames makes her sweat. She stares at this incredible force. She stares at this incredible dance of energy and smiles.

Fire is a solitary creature, beautiful from a distance...that's why it plays at keeping people away, with threats and smoke. It is a smoky creature that tosses and breaks up every single line it says by coughing, it's grumpy and gruff with a disheveled tuft that contains multitudes of dreams..

It plays with appearance, seems hard but if you come closer you can feel the temperature of the sensual dreams it hosts. It is a threat and an opportunity, there is something beautiful in the challenge, why don't we reward the ability to show open wounds?

Many want to defeat fire, to sedate the sparkle and there is even a head money on it. But others see the beauty of the purification it has, the crackling overture of a white page for a possible future.

And care is not afraid of fire, logs are wooden arms in which she lulls and sings fire lullabies...

She grows and feeds the flames, Flames are screams scraping the skies, nails on a chalkboard for teenagers' riots.

Care wants to comfort and caress fire with a hug but the weight of her body embraces the flames and ends up extinguishing the fire. At least for a moment, Enough to turn into ashes that will be mother again of new lives.

Care is a cocoon to incubate and transform, to turn obstacles into opportunities, to trigger unpredictable outcomes that can reshape current scenarios into unforeseeable desirable futures.

Care falls into a trance and memories flood into her body.

Memories of lived lives and lived wisdom come to her from all directions.

From a time there was enough community and care for everyone.

When care-for-self meant care-for-the-other.

When people realised that the collapse was inevitable, that the collapse was needed.

When a pandemic spread across the world again and again and again.
When non-disabled, heterosexual, white citizens realised how other communities had
crafted strategies to survive.
When care was valued.
When care was dismissed.

Care looks closely at the embers and decides to slow down.

Care plans.
Care trains.
Care plants seeds.
Care prepares the spare bed.
Care embraces not knowing.
Care welcomes the extended family.
Care redefines borders.
Care learns a new language.
Care cooks for herself and others.
Care opens the door.
Care knits a pair of socks for all who feel cold.

Care walks away from the house... towards the sea.

Today she has the morning off.